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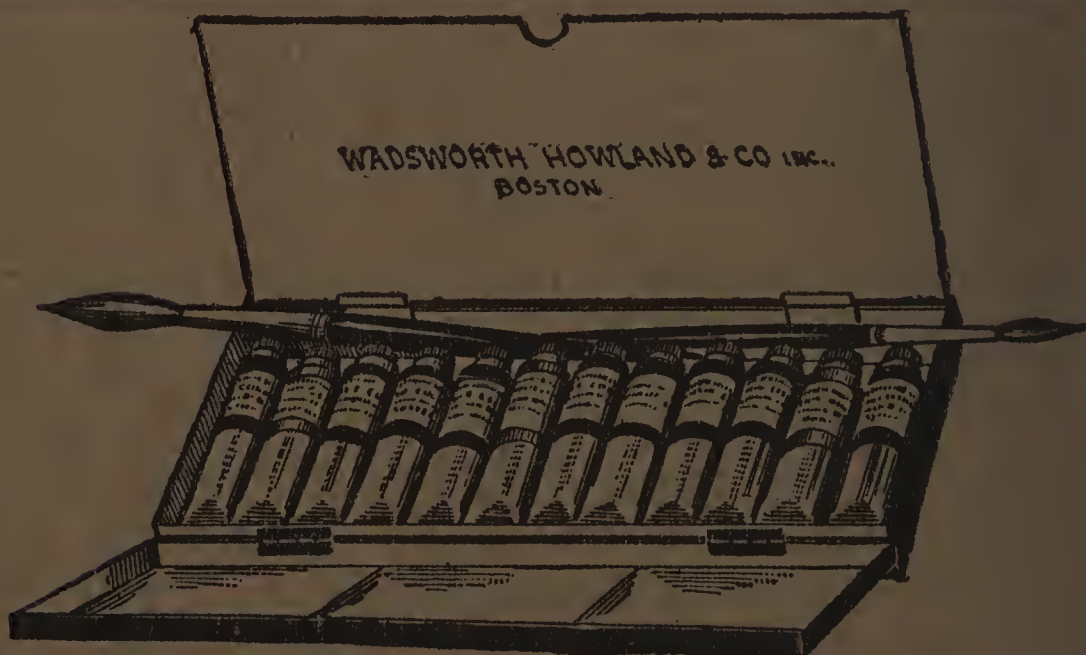
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No. 5

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Fourth Row.—Messrs. Richardson, Maddocks, Cue.

"Great talkers not only do the least, but generally say the least. It is the worst wheel of the wagon that makes the most noise."

The Polite Young Man

Dramatis Personae: Mr. Urbane, the polite young man; Mrs. Bother; Ancientanna, Angelina, Angelica, Anastasia, Mrs. Bother's daughters.

Scene: Drawing room in Bother residence. Time, 5 p. m. Leap year.

The Bother family are occupied with tea drinking, lively conversation, and various kinds of embroidery. A servant announces Mr. Urbane. [Enter Mr. Urbane.]

Mr. Urbane (aside): "Heavens! What a crowd!"

Mrs. Bother (coming forward): "Delighted to see you, dear Mr. Urbane. Let me present you to my daughters!"

Mr. Urbane, bowing politely, edges toward Anastasia.

Mrs. Bother (leading him away): "Ancientanna, Angelina, Angelica, my dears, let me introduce——"

Mr. Urbane (aside): "Oh, wirra! wirra!" (Aloud.) "Delighted, I'm sure!"

Mrs. Bother (glancing toward Anastasia): "And my youngest daughter I believe you have——"

Mr. Urbane (eagerly): "Yes, indeed!" hastening across the room and sitting down upon a small gilded chair beside the blushing Anastasia. "You were very kind to wish me to call. I——"

Ancientanna: "There, Mr. Urbane, I know you're not comfortable in that chair. Now come right over here and—yes, I insist. We want you to feel perfectly at home here."

Angelica: "Yes, indeed! You must find it so lonely being a bachelor and having to live at an old club. Do tell us what you men——"

Ancientanna (coquettishly): "Oh, yes, Mr. Urbane, I insist. You must have some tea. It is so good for one's nerves, and we want you to be very comfortable while you are——"

Mr. Urbane (patiently): "Thank you, you are very kind." (Aside.) "How pretty Anastasia is!" going toward her with a cup of tea. "Won't you please have this?" [Sits down beside her.]

Ancientanna (spilling her tea): "Ouch! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh—yes, thank you, dear Mr. Urbane, you may help me."

Angelina (aside): "That's just like Ancientanna." (Aloud.) "We are tiring you to death, Mr. Urbane. Do come and sit down. We are so anxious to hear about your last picture."

"Work is a stimulus to work! Loafing is a stimulus to laziness."

Angelica: "Oh, Mr. Urbane, are you an artist?"

Mr. Urbane (modestly and looking toward Anastasia): "I am a lover of the beautiful."

Angelica: "It must be lovely to paint pictures all day long, but— (thoughtfully) there is a practical side, I suppose. 'Now pictures like Claude Monet's must cost a great deal. He uses so much paint!'"

Ancientanna: "How many coats do you use, Mr. Urbane, or perhaps you put it all——"

Angelica: "Why, I suppose you put, well, say all the reds in first, and then the blues, etc."

Mr. Urbane (gasping and looking toward the door): "Why—I——"

Anastasia (timidly): "What is the subject of your last picture?"

Mr. Urbane (reviving): "Why, it is a landscape, Miss Anastasia. A bit of mountain scenery that interested me. If you would care to come to the studio—I——"

Angelica: "Oh, have you a studio? And you work there all day?"

Angelina: "And then what do you do?"

Ancientanna: "Go to the club!" (Aside.) "Angelina, mother wants you and Angelica; don't keep her waiting." (To Mr. Urbane.) "You poor lonely man! You ought to have a home of your own. Don't you wish——"

Mr. Urbane (nervously): "Why—I——"

Ancientanna: "There, I know you do! Now don't deny you'd like coming home to your own easy chair, and warm slippers, and home dinner, and the cheery blaze of your library fire——"

Anastasia (aside): "It would be just like her to do it, and he would accept just because he's so polite!"

Mr. Urbane (wildly): "Is there no escape?"

Ancientanna (with renewed energy): "I just can't help worrying about you, dear Mr. Urbane. It's my sympathetic nature. I know that you are neglected and perfectly wretched. I know it without your saying so. I'm so sympathetic, and such a good housekeeper. Mother says——"

Anastasia: "That's just the way she talked to Mr. Blunt four years ago!" (In desperation): "I must do something!"

Ancientanna (with decision): "Don't be startled, dear Mr. Urbane, but will you——"

"There is no mortal truly wise and restless at once; wisdom is the repose of minds."

Anastasia (mortified, but suddenly determined): "Mr. Urbane, will you marry me?"

Ancientanna (aside): "Bold creature!"

Mr. Urbane (radiantly): "Saved!"

[Curtain.]

Dreaming, Drudging, Doing

"The moving finger writes, and having writ,
Moves on. Nor all your piety nor wit
Can lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

Looking over an old magazine, I came across this verse from the Rubaiyat, with illustrations by Elihu Vedder. The verse and the accompanying illustrations brought most forcibly to mind the solemn fact that sorrow nor regret can ever bring back the past, nor can we undo the things once done. Reminding us, also, of the little use that we make of our opportunities, becoming dreamers and drudgers rather than doers, leading lives of stagnation or stupefaction rather than lives of exhilaration and usefulness.

The dreamer is one who thinks about what he would do: the drudge one who does his work without thinking, that is, mechanically. The doer is the one who thinks and acts at the same time.

The dreamer is one well known to us all. There he exists in his delightful world of dreams. To-day comes and goes as yesterday; to-morrow will come and go in the same way. The panorama in his mind has progressed days, and even years; but the man himself has not moved. His dreams are mists, castles in Spain. When the dreamer awakes, although time and men have progressed, he is a prisoner, chained in his cell of former inactive years, shut in with cobwebs of neglected talents and opportunities, bound hand and foot by the past. Dreams are stupefying, drugging. Imagination by itself alone, like faith without works, is dead.

When a man tries to shirk his work, or when he does it in a slovenly way, not as well as he might, then he becomes a drudge, even though his work be that of poet or sculptor. He ceases to exercise his ideal fac-

"Elaboration is not beauty."

ulty; then the sense of beauty is lost. When one's work is done not as well as possible, but only as well as necessary, then has that one forfeited his birthright and become a mere drudge. Drudgery stupefies the imagination. Without imagination a man becomes a clod, a mere machine.

How often it is only novelty of objects that impress us! The things we see so often, from day to day, become so familiar that we cease to remember that they are strange, grand, or beautiful. Thus we become mechanical in the exercise of our faculties of seeing, hearing, etc.

Let us learn to cultivate a taste of companionship with the outer world, a sympathetic enjoyment of its perfection, by keeping eyes, ears, and mind alert and open to knowledge and loveliness.

Interest and exhilaration, joy in living, arise only from systematic work well done. Interest in work can be acquired. If your present necessary work lacks interest to you, try to associate it with something that has interest; one may always find points of similarity. Interest can thus be artificially acquired, and a certain amount of enthusiasm infused into our work. Learn to do things and you will learn to enjoy them. Seek beauty in the actual world, not in the world of dreams; observe common things, people, work, life in general.

All life is high art when lived according to ideal standards. There are so many things in life worth living for, and so many things that are not. The former bring happiness and the latter unhappiness. Learn to look for the right things. Life is tiresome only when there is no progress. Happiness always comes from a sense of accomplishment; contentment with the finish. We enjoy anything we can do well; such work is inspiring and ennobling. Nothing is really beautiful unless it is useful, and everything useful may be made beautiful, whether it be actions or things, in the realm of poetry, business, or art, housekeeping or daily intercourse, if, instead of being drudges and dreamers, we resolve to be men and women, with ideals put into practice.

"I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty,
I awoke, and found that life was duty.
Was my dream, then, a shadowy lie?
Toil on, faint heart, courageously,
'Till thou shalt find thy dream shall be
A noonday light and truth to thee."

Flora L. Enright, '08.

“Health and cheerfulness make beauty! Health dwells in the forest and is the child of air and exercise.”

Our Book World

The world that books create for us is a large part of our existence in the light of mental powers and enjoyment. We live in a world beautiful in itself, yet our satisfaction in it would be incomplete were we not made twice familiar with certain sections through the writings of well-known authors. As children in school we traveled from the frozen North to the tropics by pictures; indeed, we could tolerate geography in those days only so far as it was made interesting to us by story and picture. Then came the stories wherein real life competed with fairyland and mythology.

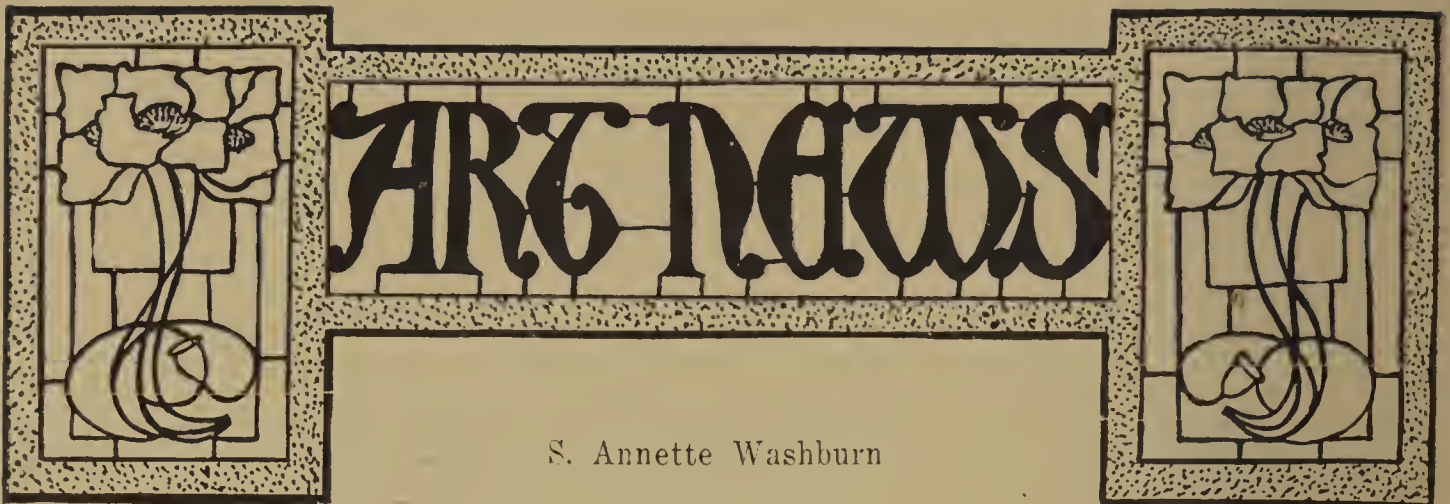
Cooper wove the mystery and fascination of the life of the Redman around the Great Lakes and the forests of New York. Later, Irving held our interest to the same lands.

Burns admits us to his own country, and our interest in the land of Wallace and Bruce is intensified through the writings of Scott. Tennyson, Browning, and Shakespeare lead us on into England; while Goethe and Schiller give us of their national seriousness and thought, and so on through a long list of the world's great authors.

And if we read the works of these masters with growing appreciation, we finally have a feeling of companionship which is as beneficent as the truest society. So surely as our companions and environments leave their impress upon our lives and character, just so surely do these books with which we are intimate help to make us what we are. We come to love Emerson because he raises us to a higher level of thought and living, and the most ideal poetry may become almost our own through familiar reading.

But aside from these ideal books of ours, we must admit, of necessity, works of transient value; following, however, the well-known advice of Bacon, that some are to be tasted only.

M. Plimpton, '09.



S. Annette Washburn

An article entitled "Nature Study," by Edward C. Clifford, in the January Art Journal, suggests some useful ideas to those who are to use their knowledge of art as soon as they leave this school, that is, without further preparation.

Those of us who have thought of the matter at all seriously realize the value of a good general education as a foundation to build a successful artistic career upon. The knowledge that one should possess of a certain subject may be called for at a time when the lack of it means unnecessary hard work and perhaps failure in that part of one's work. He says:—

"A knowledge of botany is no more needful to the landscape painter than a knowledge of physiology to the figure painter, yet, as the latter finds an acquaintance with structural anatomy helpful to him in giving correct movement to the figures, so the former should know enough of the construction of trees to enable him to draw them correctly. So he should be sufficiently aware of the habits and distribution of the vegetable world to put his trees and plants in their right relation to their surroundings. The same applies to the animal life introduced into his picture—a bird must not be painted in England at a time when it and all of its tribe are safely wintering in Africa.

"It is interesting in some of the following papers to treat of some of the aspects of nature from a painter's point of view, and in a simple way to gossip of plants and birds, of animals and insects, in the hope that in so doing service may be rendered to the student of outdoor art. Trees as the most conspicuous features of landscape will form the main theme; but in nature all things are so intimately connected one with the other that it is almost impossible to write of a tree without mentioning some of the living organisms it shelters.

"The drawings will be made from subjects having distinct characteristics that should be noted by the students of landscape, of trees, foreground, plant, flora, fauna, and conspicuous insects, and it is hoped that

“The beginning is half the battle.”

both text and drawings will be of use to the artist and of interest to the layman.”

There are some clever sketches under the heading of “Further Leaves from the Sketch Book of Lester G. Hornby.” They are quite suggestive for students of perspective.

The current number of *Masters in Art* is devoted to the works of Theodore Rousseau, one of the greatest of French landscape painters of the nineteenth century, a great name among the men of 1830, whose achievements constitute the chief glory of modern art in France, and whose works are to form the coming loan exhibition to be held in March by the Copley Society of Boston. How many know the one in our museum? The next number of the magazine will contain ten plates after the works of James McNeill Whistler.

“What the Museum Offers to Teachers” has been issued in circular form by Arthur Fairbanks, director of the Museum of Fine Arts.

There are some pictures exhibited by C. W. Kraushaar at the Walter Kimball & Co.’s Galleries, 31 Beacon street, a collection of modern paintings which are interesting to study.

The nineteenth exhibition of the Boston Society of Water-color Painters was opened Saturday, February 8, at the galleries of the Boston Art Club.

The new art galleries of the Doll & Richards Company, 71 Newbury street, were opened to the public Monday, February 10.

An exhibition of pictures by Lucy Conant was opened at the Copley Gallery, 431 Boylston street, Monday, February 10.

An exhibition of paintings was opened at the Twentieth Century Club Gallery Tuesday, February 11.

Miss Laura C. Hills will exhibit forty miniatures at the Copley Gallery during March.

We hope that every student saw Mr. DeCamp’s picture at the St. Botolph Club, and also Mr. Tarbell’s at Rowland’s Gallery on Boylston street. They are the best pictures of the season.



EDITORIALS

During the last month we have celebrated the birthday anniversaries of two great men, a great, unconquerable general and a broad-minded and human-hearted statesman, whose lives cannot fail to kindle in us the desire that we, too, be great in our chosen professions. They are not only an inspiration, but an encouragement. Others have made humble starts, so have we; and others have reached a lofty goal, and so may we. What has been done can be done, for each one in himself is the history of the whole world.

As Seniors, do we realize that we are entering upon the last term of perhaps the most enjoyable and educational four years of our lives? June will be upon us before we know it; then we must separate and begin a new phase in life, entirely different from any we have yet experienced,—a life which we are to make by our earnest efforts, and a life in which we will need all of the knowledge which we have gained here at school, no matter what profession we choose to follow.

We wish to thank those who have given us so much material for this issue, and are sorry we cannot make use of it all. Your interest and spirit encourages us. If we could make the sales each month increase, instead of diminishing, the illustrating portions of the paper would be increased. If you are not a subscriber, you should feel it your duty to purchase a copy each month.

“Excellent material” alone will not make a successful athletic association; you must have “excellent spirit” and the support of the whole school. The school has always had “excellent material” for the various athletic teams, but the spirit behind the teams has been lacking, and therefore unsuccessful. Because a few want athletics, do not think it will be a success—without the hearty co-operation of the student body.

How thankful we are that our poor piano has received a new lease of life, and all thanks are to our Freshman class, who earnestly labored with the subscription paper. By the way, have we all paid?

“Work earnestly until ten o’clock in the morning and the rest of the day will usually take care of itself.”

Homeward Bound

The long, low coast is shrouded in mist,
That has hovered day long, like a lover’s kiss,
And the thin, cold rain has chilled the bone
Of the schooner’s men, as they hurry home.
What care they now for the gray, sullen sea,
Tho’ the boat is loaded with fish that pay?
What care for the heave of the ocean wide?
What care for the man on either side?
He yearns now for the safety of land,
His home.

The heart of each man strains at its strings
For the peace of home and the comfort it brings.
And the good ship ploughs with roaring prow,
And breasts the heaving swells with pleasure now.
What cares she, then, for the drab, dismal world,
The deep graveyard of corpses that have toiled?
What care for the splash of loud, leaping waves,
Or a storm when all the sea-wind raves?
She longs only for the harbor lights,
Her home.

Hard blows the wind like an angry soul
On man and boat, as they near their goal.
It sweeps with a shriek the driving clouds
And plays as a harp on the frozen shrouds.
What care for the struggle of boat and life,
When it has itself the terrors of strife?
It has roamed o’er the sea thro’ all the years,
With passion deep, and with frenzied fears,
Seeking wild, and homeless, and in vain,
Its home.

Florence M. Alexander, '10.

ALUMNI NOTES



Jean Kimber, Pittsburg Academy

“Build it well, whate’er you do :
Build it straight, and strong, and true :
Build it clean, and high, and broad :
Build it for the eye of God.”

An old, old story tells of some men who made bricks. At first the straw for this purpose was supplied : but in the end the poor fellows were commanded to gather the straw, “and the tale of the bricks . . . ye shall not diminish aught thereof.”

There is a modern version of this story, which perhaps you can guess. A certain alumni editor was well supplied with straw. Recently she has tried hard to gather more, but, failing, must reduce the “tale of the bricks.” She very well knows that you, gentle reader, are helping to “corner” the straw. Send along a handful, just to help out the editorial brick-factory.

The annual meeting of the Eastern Art Teachers’ Association, of which Arthur Wesley Dow is president, will be held in New York City early in April. At the same time there will be an exhibition of the work of American school children which is to be sent to the London Congress. This exhibition was to have been in charge of James Hall (’91), of the School of Ethical Culture, but he has had to relinquish the work on account of ill health. His place has been filled by Walter Sargent (’90), of Boston.

“The Influence of Graphic Art in the Training of Men and Women,” by Henry Turner Bailey (’87), is the leading article in the January Manual Training Magazine. The article consists of excerpts from an address given last October in Albany. •

Mr. Bailey says that the influence of public school work in the graphic arts, wherever it is well done, is fourfold. First, it tends to develop the power to see. Second, it develops the power of expression. Third, it develops the power of appreciation. Fourth, by means of it we shall be enabled to discover every particle of talent possessed by the child under our charge, and to develop it for the good of all.

These four points are discussed at some length, and supported by

"A foolish man beginneth many things and endeth nothing."

quotations from authoritative sources. Every young teacher or supervisor who, knowing what to do, is sometimes taken by surprise at an abrupt "Why do you do it?" should read this article and keep a copy to use in convincing the "doubting Thomases" among parents, superintendents, and school boards.

Another paper of great interest which appears in the magazine mentioned above is by John H. Jinks, of Hampton Institute, who tells of the manual training work in that school.

It is a pleasure to note in the Monthly Bulletin the names of Normal Art graduates. This month William J. Kaula ('90) has exhibited at the Twentieth Century Club, while in January Leslie P. Thompson's ('00) work was seen there.

Two recent graduates, Miss Hannah McDonough ('06) and Miss Ida Bacon ('07), are teaching in ungraded schools in Derry, N. H., and Elm Grove, Mass., respectively. Such work is splendid preparation for special teaching, for it broadens the outlook and makes the teacher more sympathetic.

'07. Walter N. Stiles has been appointed curator of the American Exhibition at the London Congress, to be held in August. It is a coveted position, and will offer him many fine opportunities and experiences.

His on the Line

Robert Henri, the artist, was among the crowd at a large private view of new pictures in New York not long ago, and was pausing before a portrait of Sargent, when he noticed a big, brawny man, who looked anything but an artist, engaged in admiration of the same canvas, and murmuring: "They have at last given me a good place!"

Henri grew interested immediately. "You are in this sort of work?" he asked.

"Been in it for twenty years," assented the stranger, "and this is the first time I ever got on the line."

"Ah, indeed!" echoed the now thoroughly interested artist. "And where is your picture?"

The stranger pointed to the Sargent. "Right there," he responded.

"That?" said Henri. "Why, Sargent painted that!"

"Painted it!" sniffed the brawny man. "Yes, I think Sargent was the name of the man that painted it, but it was me made the frame."



E. B. Ayer

Many of our January exchanges come with the spirit of the New Year filling their pages, aspiring to broader fields in the scholastic world. May this spirit be strong enough to endure the year, and not wane as the months pass by.

Your "Modern Fables" are really clever, *Enterprise*, and if they were intended for some fellow-student, we trust that no hard feelings are entertained. In the short story, "A Soldier of Fortune," the change from the worn-out theme generally followed in football stories was appreciated.

We are pleased to see that the *High School Times* has started an exchange column, and feel sure that the *Times* is capable of making the column highly interesting for all its exchanges.

The *Cambridge Review* contains its usual collection of good stories. The cover design is very appropriate.

Garnet and Blue, we agree that the changes you have made in your publication greatly improve its appearance. The editorials in last month's issue were snappy and to the point, and should accomplish their purpose.

The story, "Waiting Till the Roses Bloom," in the *Exponent* is well told, and has a quiet touch of pathos seldom found in school papers. The other stories were interesting, while "A Freshman's Essays" was quite laughable.

The *Mansfield Collegian* at once gives the impression of being a good exchange. It has a neat and attractive cover, and agreeable literature. A few well-arranged cuts would, however, add much to the general appearance.

We acknowledge the *Radius*, a new arrival, and hope that it may continue as one of our exchanges.

There are among our exchanges some few from Southern colleges, which bring with them a pleasant, sunny atmosphere that is most enjoyable.

Class Notes

I wrote my love a tender line,
Said: "Honey, be my valentine."
Next her answer came to me,
'Twas simply, "Stung."
(Signed) Honey Bee.

'08

Gertrude Nason

Charles R. Mabie

Do we realize, classmates, that the last term of our school year is upon us, and since we are coming down on the home stretch, why not make every moment count?

Johnson and Pinkham Co.,
Manufacturers of
Head gear, sunbonnets, etc.

Miss Brown, instructor of gymnastics. (Houdini in Portrait Class, how to get into a scrape and how to get out of it.)

Lost!! Another two-thousand-dollar position!

Miss Ignoramus (gazing at design for book cover for "Idylls of the King"): "Oh, yes! what's that, a school paper?"

What cartoonists we mortals be!

'09

Constance Bevan

Daniel R. Stewart

R—— K—— wants to know the definition of a——well, ask her.

What's the matter with the theatre party on Lincoln's birthday? It was all right.

How we wish the "Winged Victory" could fly!

Mr. Major's cooking school! Onions on the half-shell, onion salad, onion a la the knife. Smell guaranteed to last. Mr. Major's own specialty is pea soup.

What do these mysterious postal cards mean, Florence?

Half-hour lessons in navigation on Thursdays. All about rowing, ferrying, etc.

Mabel jumped on the train (Billy's train) while it was going.

We are waiting to hear the monologues which Mr. Major is going to give on the different girls. He has two nervous girls now, one in each studio.

"If it's only one small thing, it's worth while to have done one thing as well as we know how."

How old is F—— W——?

Mr. H——d (when the flock of girls scattered): "Lost in the shuffle."

Professor H——, Academy of Dancing. Schottische in one lesson a specialty. Terms reasonable for the fair sex.

Slide, cutstep, forward—now, Carla.

Did you ever find out where the clamp from your easel went, Laurie?

Mr. Hibbard, tall and lanky,
To the Venus kindly said:
"You're so pretty, what a pity
I can't draw your head."

Frances Walley is so jolly
That to Winthrop she does fly,
Sits from daybreak making sand cakes,
As the waves go rolling by.

"Alla Pilla" and also "Scilla"
Seem to be in great demand—
Letters come and letters go,
But those that come are mas-cu-line.

'10

Alice H. Stephens

Edgar Breed

Miss C——: "Why did you put that man so near the other for?"
(Miss F—— was painting on an old canvas, which already had one
"man" on it.)

Miss F——: "To keep him warm!"

We all think Miss O'L—— needs looking after—if she still continues
to dream of "returning kitchen chairs on a library card"!

Three or four of our girls have gone from the "dead" studio into the
"Life class." Cheer up, the rest of us may get there some day!

Ruth has got back again. How we did miss her!

What a great time "we" had on that skating party at Beverly!
Those who did go had the best time ever.

Buttimer informs us that he is getting a "writeup" for our baseball
team. It's a good thing; we need all the booming we can get.

"We go on by mistakes, get ahead by making them, just as a crab, to make progress, walks backward."

Later—Did you read it? No. Buy the American.

And poor Mar got stung.

Have you seen the evolution of Miss Fly by our talented artist comedian, Mr. Thayer? Darwin is left away behind by this young man.

Somebody said: "I hear Miss Kimball has purchased that seat in Anatomy for the year." No, she simply gets there first.

Heard in "crooks" corner of the lunch corridor:—

"Skeeing is great fun. I remember the time," etc.

Freddie: "Isn't it funny, I never did any of those things? I never did anything at all like that."

Buttimer: "Can you embroider?"

The corn crop promises to be good this year. Thayer's have begun to sprout thus early.

How ambitious some of our classmates are! "Lengthy" Ayer was discovered sketching horses, and his twin, "Shorty" Pomeroy, making shapes from a window in their studio recently.

Mr. Adams says he is going to bring his mother to school to protect him from presumptuous young ladies. He also wishes the report that he is a mate to one of our charming doves contradicted.

'11

John Davis

Bernice Staples

Next time brush it off, D—v—s. White powder does not suit your complexion.

Miss P—t—rs—n, what time is it?

Miss —v—s can drape beautifully. All she needs is a head and sundry other things to make an interesting study. Her work shows an individuality which is very marked—so much so that a person stepping in from outside could tell in an instant who did it.

If one is too good he must remain unknown. Isn't that so, Miss W—ld—r?

The Freshmen have a reputation for using very bad English. Let us either correct it or use Esperanto.

All the up-to-date students wear blue-green neckties with red dots.

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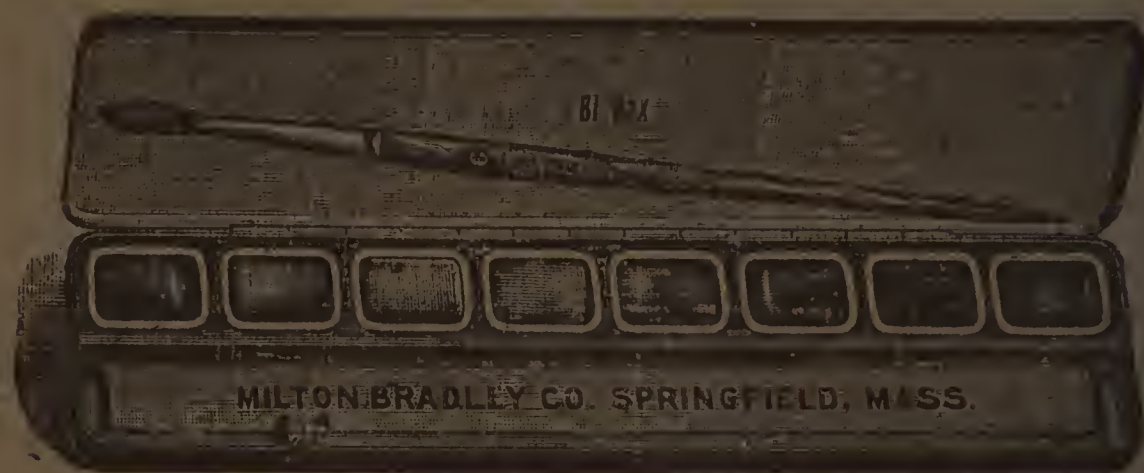
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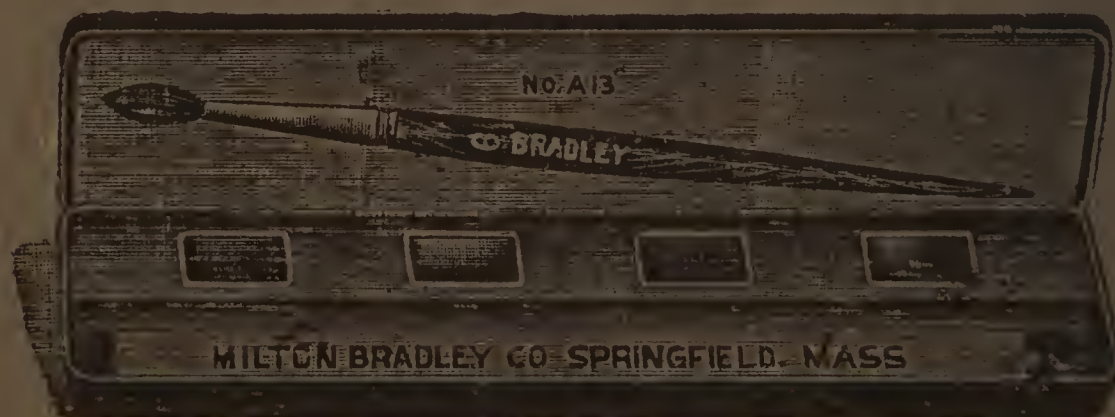


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